

Children's Department.

From Carleton, Neb.

This is my second letter for the EVANGELIST. I like to go to school. Our school will let out in two weeks. I like to go to Sunday-school. We are going to have services the most of this week. Saturday night they will have a lovefeast. At our last King's Children meeting, our minister showed us something. I will tell you about it. He took a glass of pure water; and that was to represent the pure heart. And he poured in something dark, that made it black; that was to represent the sinful heart. And he poured in something red; that was to represent the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth the sinful heart. We have seventy members in our King's Children society. I have two sisters and one brother. Papa and mamma and my sisters and my brother and I go to Sunday-school. I will answer Minnie Hoffman's question. The question is, Who was the first boy or man killed? Answer, The first boy or man killed was Abel. I will close. Yours truly.

May 7. KALLY J. KLEPPINCER.

From Woodland, Mich.

I thought I would write another letter for the EVANGELIST. It is very dry now. I have seen a good many kinds of birds this spring. The red birds have a nest near our house. They can sing and whistle almost like a mocking bird. I think it is very nice to have a page for the children. I like to read the letters. I will answer Minnie Hoffman's question. Abel was the first boy or man killed. I will also answer Esta Sala's question. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. Hope to see this letter in print. Yours truly,

GERTRUDE UNDERWOOD.

From Ruddle, W. Va.

This is my second attempt to write for this paper. It is more than a year since I wrote and my letter was not printed, therefore, I feel timid to write, but I should try again, is a very good rule. Papa and mamma were members of the German Baptist for sixteen years. More than a year ago they joined the Brethren church, and last October, I connected myself with the Brethren church. I am fourteen years old. I have one brother, he is eleven years old. We have only had preaching four different times by the brethren. Twice by brother E. B. Shaver, and twice by brother Jos. I. Hall. The last meeting we had was held last November. There are twenty members in this county, while we are without preaching

and S. S. We haven't had for four years. Hoping the brethren and sisters will remember us in their prayers.

May 13.

LINNIE HAMMER.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

Here is an anecdote with a sharp moral that comes to us all the way from Australia: "When I was a teacher in Kilmalcum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whisky bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lip to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary! He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the press for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through the window to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—ininitely surpassing foolish drinking men.

WOULDN'T STAND SWEARING.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday schools went out into the country in the summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy; "but I can't stay where anybody swears so. One of us must go: so I will go."

The man felt the rebuke and said, "If you will stay, I won't swear;" and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw all your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.—*Messiah's Herald.*

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope. Hope, faith and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounters; and relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.—*Dr. Newman.*

Matrimonial.

SCHROCK—KOSSEL.—At the home of the bride near Berlin, Pa., Tuesday, May 7, 1895, by the undersigned, Mr. William H. Schrock and Miss Emma Kossel.

JOHN H. KNEPPER.

Our Dead.

MILLER.—Sadie A., daughter of brother and sister W. A. Miller, was born July 12, 1876, and departed this life April 30, 1895. The days of her pilgrimage on earth number 18 years, 8 months and 18 days. She united with the Brethren church in the winter of 1889, being baptized on Jan. 4, 1889. She lived a consistent Christian until called hence. Her example being worthy of praise and emulation. Her work is ended. Her testimony to the living Saviour is given to the world. Gone before. Home with God.

MENGES.—Near Berlin, Pa., on May 7, 1895, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Menges Jr. Aged 3 years, 5 month and 9 days. "Of such is the kingdom of God." Funeral services by

JOHN H. KNEPPER.

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to every-boy plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sereleaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.—*Woman's Signal.*

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